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From the Pittsburgh Com. Journal.

MR. RIDDLE.—I see by last week's Journal that the ladies—bless them—who would not wish to be a lady!—have been presenting Captain Rowley and his company a banner, and all that. Why did they not also give them a Bible and a Bowie knife, a pair of pistols and a Psalm book? God help the ladies, and give them more sense next time, for they have need of it—but they have a right to show their warlike predilections if they please. Men are in duty bound to bring acceptable offerings to "beauty's shrine," and if broken bones, cloven skulls, and torn fragments of mangled flesh are most agreeable, of course they ought to bring plenty. It is a pity the carnivorous appetite of their Diety could not be appeased with the blood

of the slaves, for then the worshippers might regard its daily vision with panoramic views of our common slaughter-houses; but as it is a Jugernaut, and requires human victims, its worship becomes fearfully expensive. Heaven bless the ladies! How nice it would look to see a crowd of them gathered round a butcher shop to enjoy the spectacle of killing beesves; but that would not be much of a sight! It's all so systematic that the suffering is short. The blood is soon cleared away, and that is an end of the matter.

We had a rare spectacle here last spring, and dear ladies, if I had had any idea how agreeable it would have been to you, you should have had word to come and see it. The dogs one night killed all our sheep, and the sight in the morning would certainly have been very entertaining to the lovers of military glory. Bullets and bomb shells never could have torn human forms more frightfully than the sheep were torn. Human eyes could scarce have looked more pleadingly, or a human voice have uttered more piteous lamentations than did those of two mangled lambs. Ladies dear, I wish you could have seen them. What a rich treat it would have been to you! A faint representation, to be sure, of the scenes enacted in your service, with your approbation, and the like of winning your smiles, by your gallant worshippers on the plains of Mexico; but as you are prevented from enjoying these sights, something in kind might be agreeable. What rich scenes they must have down there! Passing over the battle-fields, even the hospitals must be a rare exhibition of lady worship. Our Surgeon writing, says, "turning to look at my amputating table, there was a perfect heap of arms and legs underneath, while I was literally covered with blood." Dear, gentle, merciful, kind-hearted, timid ladies, if we could all have been there to have turned over those arms and legs—counted how many of each were in the heap—noted the bared ligaments and mangled flesh—watched the fierce agony which worked upon the brow of each bound victim upon this altar at beauty's shrine as he partied with his limb, what rare entertainment it would have been. And after the operations were over, the rolling eyes, the quivering lips, the clenched hands, the great drops of sweat standing in globules upon the working brows—the stilled groans, and deeply muttered curses wrung out by intense agony. Oh, ladies, if we had only been there! And then to know that each foot in the heap had once been pressed by a fond mother's lips!—that every hand had given and received the warm clasp of love—that many hearts should thrill with agony when hearing of that hour, and wait in all the wretchedness of hope deferred, to learn the worst. It was a costly offering, and anything, dear ladies, except your smiles, would sure be dearly bought at such a price; but if I were a lady and had smiles to dispose of, I should give them to some one for a tin cup, an arm full of buckwheat straw, or a needle with the point broken off, rather than take such recompence. The reason I should like to be with you while witnessing these offerings presented to win your favor, is simply to hold the hatchet while you were at fainting. But seriously, ladies, did you ever read "the Story of the Giver," and did not the act of cruelty there spoken of any more wanton than that which you have committed? Do yourselves or your country require protection, that you should encourage men to peril life in a war against God and man, where far more fall by disease than by the sword? Do you fear the invasion of your homes, that you call upon strong arms for aid? What harm have the women of Mexico done you, that you wish to see them, widowed and childless—their homes a heap of ruins, and themselves in the power of infurited and often brutal enemies?

Follow your banner to the battle-field.—There stands a horde of half civilized men, the only protection of their houses which lie behind, where cling terrified children to women kneeling in an agony of prayer, that the invader may be turned back; but these homes are the goal of glory which you have pledged that invader to reach. The way lies, every inch of it, through blood. Fathers, husbands, brothers, must be turned to heaps of ghastly corpses, ere your "beautiful banner" can float on sighs and groans and shrieks of agony, the widow's wail and orphan's lamentation. Doubtless Rowley will carry it where it will require no other air to spread its every fold; and what a merry time it will have, fluttering in the breezes raised by the conflagration of happy homesteads. Presiding over such scenes, how will it represent the Christian ladies of "the city of churches"? God pardon you, ladies, and give you more sense, for you have great need of it. May that time never come, when the measures you have met shall be measured to you again. Remember the tales of horror which have come up from that cowardly war—which comes from every war—of the degradation of your sex. Picture to yourselves a delicately nurtured woman, struggling in the arms of a stranger ruffian man, and blush for your want of manhood, in sending a token of approbation there; do not say that you never meant to encourage scenes like this; they are the inevitable accompaniments of war, and which successful issue we availed ourselves of, to our own aggrandizement.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 132.

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men to conquer this distracted, enervated nation, they serve you while drenching the land with blood—and servants often exceed orders. If you have raised an altar where bloody sacrifice is to be offered to win your favor, do not wonder if some of your priests, in their lauds, I question if you love blood, broken bones, confabulations, horrors and wretchedness, a bit better than I do. This Captain Rowley, they say, "was such a favorite with the ladies." It must have been he who was pointed out to me once—it was some military man, a dapper little fellow, who stepped along as sprucely as a game chicken, and doubtless would have worn his plume as承认。 I took a good look at him, but could not see that he looked differently from any other man of his inches, except that he

had the wrongness of our nation's cause very! Our government, we have no doubt, will "take" Liberia, "by the hand," and as he prayed, with a fervor, and a holy zeal, and slaughtered his prisoners, as he shouted up a loud and savage thanksgiving to God! How Mr. Headley falls down, and prays his mad prayer with him, and—like Sue's butcher—"sees red," and rushes to the battle, and shouts glory, and praises to God, and kills, and kills, and kills! What heartiness of commendation of Arnould! Because he had no childish squeamishness—was not "afflicted" with it—could pray with his face in the dust, that presently was to be made red with the blood of his fellow men, could be loud—no doubt shouting—in thanksgiving, while he ate still more of his thirst for carnage on the helpless around him—for all these things we our good nineteenth century Presbyterian clergymen delights in him. What Christian fervor there might be in Arnould, what self-sacrifice, what readiness to die for his Church, because he believed a great duty to God required this of him are left out of sight. His willingness to shed blood and lead men to battle, is not covered over silently and sorrowfully with the mantle of such Christian virtues as he had, but he is praised as a man who was not squeamish, and prayed and killed in the same breath, and evidently in the same spirit. But Mr. Headley, after all, is only the representative of a class. Few of his brother clergymen would see anything to shock them in the words we have quoted. Who can wonder at the Mexican War!—

The Washington correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* writes as follows:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.

The result of the New York Election is of permanent and practical importance, and some are of the opinion that it will give predominance to the Wilcox Proviso party.—It will do even more; it will encourage, and, perhaps, give entire success to the "no territory" party. The influence of the election upon the Democratic party, generally, will be to convince them that they can serve the purposes of the ladies, as the small of assiduity does wolves, making them heedless of the slaughter of their comrades, while they tread over their carcasses to reach the object of pursuit, why do not all the gentlemen get their coats corded, and not have these ladies traps the badge of a professional murderer, or man-slayer. Mr. Riddle, you and all the rest of the gentlemen are quite deficient in gallantry, for not dressing up to please the ladies; if a few bolts of white cotton cord sewed on your coat, a bunch of feathers on your head, and a few other little nick nacks, would render you irresistible, why might you not all be as agreeable as a dressed soldier reminds me—a riding monkey in a menagerie. If the ladies' favor is the ultimate of gentlemen's wishes, it is certainly very easily gained. No need to burn the midnight oil in pursuit of knowledge—no occasion for the firmness of the martyrs, to resist the temptations of passion and interest in order to attain mental and moral excellence—no use in fact for any of the higher attributes which links man to his Maker. If these ladies form the criterion, all that any of you have to do, is to imitate a lion or a monkey.

JANE G. SWISSELMAN.
Swissvale, Nov. 15.

From the Cincinnati Herald.
Republic of Liberia.

As this interesting community have shown themselves capable of self-government, and adopted a Constitution modelled after our own, copying the free institutions of a people among whom their race, we mourn to confess, have so long been enslaved, we hope our government may be the first of the nations of the earth to recognize the independence of the young Republic, and to establish the relations towards it implied in such recognition. Here is a Republic, risen by no violence, established by no spirit of rebellion or aggression, which should be promptly taken by the hand of our government and honored and cherished in the spirit of fraternal regard and good will.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

We heartily agree in wishing that our government may extend to the Republic of Liberia, the courtesies of intercourse, usual between independent nations. It is particularly desirable in this case, as all attempts to end the horrible traffic in slaves on the coast of Africa, must materially depend for their success, upon the power and prosperity of this settlement. It derives another strong claim upon our consideration from the fact that its citizens are natives of this country, entitled by all right, to all the privileges of citizenship here, but driven into exile by its inhumanity. We hope the government will make no delay in establishing full diplomatic relations between the two countries.

The *Atlas* intimates a peculiar reason for this step, without which it would be imprudent, that it is "a republic, risen by no violence, established by no spirit of rebellion or aggression." We suppose all do not understand this. Indeed, it would be difficult for any uninformed, to give a reason, why the United States, itself, the most marked example of a bold and successful revolutionary government, should make the very imitation of herself, a reason for refusing any sanction or encouragement to a self-made and self-governed republic. It would be equally difficult to find a satisfactory one, in the history of our diplomacy.

Our government never hesitated to recognize the different revolutionary governments of France. It was the greatest difficulty that Washington himself could prevent the popular sympathy from precipitating our young nation into an English war in their behalf. Who does not recollect Daniel Webster's eloquent appeals in behalf of the liberties of the struggling Greeks? Who will ever forget the immortal pleadings of Henry Clay, for the recognition of the independence of the South American Republics, established in a bloody war against the tyranny of Spain? We recognized the lawfulness of the Mexican government, too. And in that last and most disgraceful instance of Texas, we recognized as an independent nation, emigrants from our own to a neighbor's territory, whose rebellion we had promoted by every means in our power, and which successful issue we availed ourselves of, to our own aggrandizement.

ley—talks in the Christian Parlor Magazine, a dainty monthly, for young ladies reading by the quiet fireside. In an article on the "Persecution of the Waldenses," this good shepherd says:

"Their pastor Arnould was afflicted with no childish squeamishness about shedding blood. He would pray with his face to the ground for the help of Heaven, and then rise and dash to battle. He would send up his loud thanksgiving to God for deliverance, and coolly slay his prisoners and God had sanctified his course, and made him a noble and great man."

loved

great good man, because he was not squeamish but shed blood with a relish, and as he prayed, with a fervor, and a holy zeal, and slaughtered his prisoners, as he shouted up a loud and savage thanksgiving to God! How Mr. Headley falls down, and prays his mad prayer with him, and—like Sue's butcher—"sees red," and rushes to the battle, and shouts glory, and praises to God, and kills, and kills, and kills!

scruples of any of them are such on the subject of slavery as to prevent them from giving a verdict for the plaintiff should his case be made out in proof.

The point as to whether such a question can be asked of each individual juror, is now being argued by the counsel for the consideration of the Court.

Pending which argument the court adjourned until two o'clock this afternoon.

On Thursday afternoon the Court met pursuant to adjournment, and the discussion of the point whether each of the jurors could be asked "if he had any conscientious scruples which would prevent him from giving a verdict for the plaintiff if his case was made out in proof," was continued. The question was fully argued, and the principles upon which it was based, was upheld by the Court. Judge McLean said it was "improper that a juror should sit who had formed such an opinion," and authorized the counsel for the plaintiff to put the question, but suggested an amendment to the following, which was asked of each juror:

"Have you any bias which will prevent you in this case from giving effect to the evidence, and the law as it may be made known to you by the Court?"

To this the jurors all responded in the negative, and no further objections being taken, were sworn in.

The main witness of the plaintiff was then called, Col. Mitchell, of Ky., whose appearance bespoke him one of those rough, ready, daring men so well known to frontier life. He testified as follows:

"I am acquainted with Peter Driskell, the plaintiff. He lives three quarters of a mile from me, about a quarter of a mile from the river, and about six miles from Mayaville. Jane and Harrison Garrison were his slaves, together with four other children of Jane Garrison, and Harrison was from his birth which was then about five years past. I saw them all at various times between the 5th and 25th of October, A. D. 1841. On the 26th of that month I was called upon by Mr. Driskell to go in pursuit of them. They had escaped on the preceding night. I started early in the morning, and soon found the skiff in which they had crossed the Ohio river hauled up on the opposite side. From it proceeded tracks corresponding in number and size with those of the six slaves which had escaped—being Jane Garrison and her five children. We followed them, but a rain coming on soon obliterated all tracks of their path; and we who were pursuing returned home. I never saw those slaves afterwards until the 28th of February, 1845. I was then in pursuit of the six slaves, in company with Andrew Jackson Driskell, the son of the plaintiff. On the 26th of February, I saw the boy Bill (one of the slaves) at Sardisville City, near the tavern where I stayed. I employed a sub-agent, a small boy, to play marbles with Bill, and thre him ascertain where all the boys were. I found by this where all the boys were but one. I then employed an Indian to induce Bill to come to my room at the tavern, told him what he was then to do, and how he was to go immediately after the rest. I had understood that Jane and Harrison Garrison were at Mr. Parish's and a little after twelve o'clock on that day I made my way there. Near his house, I met Parish, defendant. I accosted him, and asked him if a woman calling herself Jane Garrison, and her boy Harrison were at his house. He said they were. I asked him if I could see them. He replied if Jane wished it I could do so.

We then returned toward the house, and I stood by the gate on the outside, whilst he went in. He came out in a very few minutes, with the woman Jane. She stood on his left hand. She spoke to me as if she recognized me, but she had a defect in her speech, and I will not pretend to recollect what she said. She advanced quickly toward me, however, when Parish put out his hand and arrested her progress. I, in a short time, asked her for Harrison. She looked at Mr. Parish in an enquiring way, and he made an assenting motion, I think both with his hand and his head. She then went into the house and brought the boy. He also made a motion to approach me, but Parish again interposed. I then informed Mr. Parish that these persons were the slaves of Peter Driskell, of Kentucky and that I wished to take them. "By what authority?" My reply was, "by a power of attorney from Peter Driskell," laying my hand at the same time on the instrument in my breast pocket. "You need not show your power of attorney," replied Mr. Parish. "I want judicial authority for this." I told him I did not know what judicial authority was, if this was not the case. I then demanded to arrest them, and he replied that I could not arrest them there, or something to that effect. He then showed them into the house, went in himself, and closed the door after him, and I bowed and went away. In about fifteen minutes I saw Parish again, and had some conversation with him. I was trying to arrest two of the other boys."

The case carries with it a peculiar interest, because it is regarded as the test case on the question of fugitive slaves. It will show how far our Courts will go to sustain the rights which the masters of slaves claim in their capture, and by how slight an act a citizen of the United States can render himself liable to the penalties of the act of Congress. We shall not pretend to prejudge the case. It will doubtless be thoroughly sifted in the bringing of evidence before the jury, by the research, ingenuity and arguments of learned counsel, and the weighty consideration of an enlightened and impartial Court.

Mr. Stanberry here wished to ask what Parish said with regard to those other boys, to show, (as he said) that he was aiding in their protection, and by this means, to find

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the gun *unum* with which he closed the door as above. This was objected to as belonging to a totally different transaction, and the objection sustained by the Court.

Mr. Stanberry then wished to ask whether the slaves had been seen since the door was thus closed behind them—to show that the obstruction had been effectual.

This was objected to by counsel for defendant, on the ground that the effect of the obstruction formed no part of the cause of action, which would have been equally complete whether any ultimate result had been produced by the interference or not. The objection was sustained, and the question overruled.

Mr. Stanberry then wished to put the question further to Mr. Parish.

objected to as irrelevant, and pending the decision regarding it, the Court adjourned until 9 o'clock, Friday morning.

Friday Morning.

The court met pursuant to adjournment, and permitted Mr. Stanberry to ask his question.

Col. Mitchell proceeded. After this conversation, I heard Parish say the slaves left his house that night. The power of Attorney under which I acted is here. (The power was produced and proved to be authority to Mitchell to arrest the fugitives.)

Cross-Examination.

I had been several times in pursuit of these slaves before. When I saw Parish I said nothing about wanting to arrest the slaves before they came out. Mr. Parish was afterwards called as a witness in the Court House without my consent. I did not pay much attention to what was asked of him. During the trials there he made a statement of what transpired at the gate. I don't know that I assented to any part of it; I certainly did not to all. I think Parish admitted I had made the demand, but not that he pushed the women in the houses—they differ. He may have only waved them in, and immediately closed the door. At the Court House nothing was said of a "fair trial," and Mr. Parish used no other words in the place of "judicial authority."

I never told Mr. Barbour or any other person that Mr. Parish had conducted himself in a gentlemanly manner—that I had no reason to complain of him—but that he had zeal as an abolitionist, but was an honest man. At the last term of this Court I did take a walk with Mr. Barbour, to find out how our testimony agreed, and correct myself if I was wrong, but we disagreed and soon parted. I was employed to catch these persons at \$1.25 per day and expenses paid—have no interest in this suit, save the establishment of the principle.

Andrew J. Driskell testifies to the substance of the above as far as regards the transactions at the gate; except he thinks Mr. Parish pushed Jane and Harrison Garrison, the slaves, into the house. Said he and Mitchell had never fully talked the matter over between them—but they had always differed about this pushing in of the slaves. He had some conversation with Jane at the gate relative to the death of her young mistress, and Jane said she had died before she left. Jane called the witness Master Andrew Driskell was leader in all these transactions.

This closing the evidence of the plaintiff, in chief, the witnesses of the defendant were now called, and first—

Mr. Beecher says, on the first of March he heard two statements of Mr. Parish of the transactions at the gate—one at the request of Mitchell, or Sloane, his attorney, whilst Parish was under oath. The statement was that Mitchell had enquired of Parish regarding Jane and Harrison Garrison, and had told him he had authority to take them away—perhaps said they were slaves—and spoke of his power of attorney. Parish replied he would not object or resist, but would see that they had a fair trial, and if Mitchell could make out a legal right he should have them. Mitchell said he did not wish to take them away without—he was a law abiding man.—The woman was brought out first by Parish and then she brought the boy. After both agreeing that all they wanted was a fair trial, Mitchell and Driskell went away without taking or demanding the slaves. Before Parish made this statement he requested Mitchell to correct him if he erred, and Mitchell agreed to do so. After Parish had made his statement Mitchell told him he had forgotten about his wishing to shake hands with the boy, and Parish then related that Mitchell had desired to shake hands with the boy, but the boy shrank behind his Mother, and Parish said "it was necessary to shake hands with the gentleman." Mitchell then got up and stated the whole matter, and the parties agreed that the statements were correct and alike. Nothing was said at this time about a demand to arrest on Mitchell's part, or requisition of judicial authority on Parish's—of pushing or ordering the slaves into the house. On the contrary, the witness received an impression totally incompatible with such circumstances. The witness is a lawyer and has a defect in his sight which prevents him from taking notes—he is there for practice his memory, is accustomed to trust to, and can implicitly rely upon it.

Cross Examination.—The words "fair trial," were not used concerning other persons than Jane and Harrison.

Mr. Barbour being sworn, says, that he was present in the Court House when Parish made a statement of the transactions at the gate. He thinks it was at Mitchell's request. Parish was corrected by Mitchell with regard to the shaking hands; and then Mitchell followed with a statement of his own, which was in substance the same with that of Parish, which is related by Mr. Beecher above. This witness heard nothing of a demand for the slaves—nothing of a refusal to give them up without judicial authority—nothing of attempts to arrest them; or of their having been pushed into the house.

Young Driskell was present at this statement. No disagreement was then claimed.

to have existed between Mitchell and Parish, when they parted at the gate. On the week subsequent to this, the witness came down from Sandusky in a stage coach, in company with Mitchell. In conversation Mitchell said Parish was a very conscientious, good man—had zeal it was true, as an abolitionist, but had treated him as a gentleman, and he had nothing to complain of him. At the last term of the Court Col. Mitchell, after the testimony of the plaintiff had been given in, wanted the witness to take a walk and desired to know what witness would testify to, in order to be recalled if he had stated any thing wrongfully, to set himself right.—They walked nearly a mile together and returned in company. Witness told Col. Mitchell all what evidence he would give, as he has given it here. Col. M. recognized the language he had addressed to Mr. Parish as regards his being a “law-abiding man”—agreed much that was said, but was silent as to some parts.

Cross-examination.—When Mitchell offered to produce his power of Attorney, (according to these statements) Parish said he would interpose no obstacle, and therefore the power was not shown. No interposition on Parish's part, between Mitchell and either of the slaves was mentioned, except his telling the child when he shrunk back that it was not necessary to shake hands. No arrests were made—but the conversation closed with the words respecting a “fair trial.” Remarks to this effect were made both during the statements of Mitchell and Parish.

E. B. Saddle's deposition was then read as to the statements made by Mitchell and Parish as above; and agreed substantially with the testimony of Messrs. Beecher and Barbour.

John Mackay's deposition sustained the other of these statements.

E. G. Barker, the justice before whom the proceedings were had, sustains the recitals of Parish and Mitchell's statements at the Court House.

Col. Shaw's deposition says that the statement of Parish was made under oath at his request. He was counsel for Col. Mitchell, who was present on a charge of riot. Col. Mitchell wished Parish then, under oath, to give a statement of the transactions at the gate, to prove that his (Mitchell's) conduct has been gentlemanly. Col. S. opposed asking the question on the ground that it was irrelevant. Col. Mitchell requested of the Court that it might be asked—and the statement followed. [The substance of it was what has been detailed by Messrs. Beecher and Barbour] and Mitchell agreed to it as by him thus corrected.

Sarah Gustin's deposition was then read.—It testified that she was in the house of Mr. Parish, when Parish wanted Jane to go to the door; and Jane was unwilling, and betrayed fear and agitation, but Mr. Parish advised her to do so. The deponent went into the hall after her, and saw the whole transaction. Mr. Mitchell stood outside the gate—said he wanted to take the woman and boy—and Parish replied he could not do it without lawful authority. Jane did not advance toward Mitchell—not did Mitchell want to come in. After a little talk Jane and Harrison went into the door which still remained open. Mr. Parish continued talking with the men a short time, when they bowed to Mrs. Parish, who was standing in the door, and went off, leaving Mr. Parish on the steps. The door was not closed until after the men left.

The testimony of the defendant having been concluded, Mr. Stanbury wished to show Mr. Parish's conduct in having Col. Mitchell arrested for riot, &c., concerning other slaves, to show his *quo animo* in the actions at the gate.

Messrs. Andrews and Chase opposed the introduction of such testimony, arguing that it was entirely irrelevant—pertaining to other matters, concerning which the defendant had no opportunity, notice, nor right to produce his witnesses, and the objection was sustained by the Court.

Rebutting Testimony of the Plaintiff.

Col. Mitchell being recalled says: The confusion of his memory prevents him from remembering every thing that occurred at Sandusky. The “fair trial” spoken of referred to a couple of boys claimed by Driskell, and not to the woman and child. I had a conversation with him, ‘with Parish about these in half an hour after I saw him at the house.’ He had made arrangements to hold Parish liable before he left Sandusky, and spoken to Col. Sloane about it.

Cross Examination.—“At no time did I admit that Mr. Parish proposed a ‘fair trial’ of the woman and boys. I neither deny or affirm the conversation or statements with Parish in the Court House. My memory is doubtful respecting them.”

Mr. Wheeler says: I am a lawyer, and was employed by Mitchell at Sandusky.—At my request Parish was called to the stand to set Mitchell right before the people. I don't recall that any thing was then said of the woman and child; but in reply to a question of mine about the two other slaves, Mr. Parish said that there was an agreement that they should have a fair trial. The second trial Mr. Parish made a statement on the stand relative to the transactions at the gate—also another—then there was some conversation respecting them. The last speech of Mr. Parish referred principally to the transactions at the gate. He made one statement under oath and one not under oath.

The evidence closed on Saturday noon.—The afternoon was occupied by Mr. J. H. Thompson of Highland, with an opening speech in behalf of the plaintiff.

On Monday morning the Court met at half past eight o'clock. The greater part of the forenoon was spent in listening to J. W. Andrews, Esq., for the defendant. Mr. Chase commenced his argument, but was interrupted by an adjournment of the Court to 2 o'clock, Monday afternoon. At two o'clock, he completed his speech, which lasted until four o'clock, when Mr. Stanbury began his remarks which were interrupted by the rising of the Court until nine o'clock Tuesday morning.

Tuesday morning.

The Court met, and Mr. Stanbury continued his speech. He closed about half after eleven, and the charge of the Court followed.

Perhaps there have been few cases in this Court where a greater variety of style in the manner and argument of counsel has been exhibited.

J. H. Thompson, Esq. opened with an interesting speech, principally confined to the facts of the case, measuring them at the same time by the law. He did not uphold slavery, but said the act of Congress ought to be

carried out. The same rule was to be observed here as if articles of property were to be reclaimed, and opposition had been offered. Mr. T. is a Kentuckian by birth, and has that open, frank and humorous manner which we are led to expect from our sister State.

J. W. Andrews, Esq., who followed him, is well known at our bar, for his earnest, clear and nervous expression of the facts and law of a case. In this cause he did himself justice. He said, abstractly speaking, that the act of Parish was such a good man could not condemn, even if he were guilty—which Mr. A. claimed he was not. It was the stern law which made it wrong. Such a law, especially when penal, should be most strictly construed—full proof ought to be demanded, and it is not here. Mr. A. then adverted to the facts, analyzed them thoroughly in their various bearings. Said Mitchell's testimony was improbable, Driskell's was its shadow—and both contradicted by Miss Gustin. He claimed a verdict as due to the law, the testimony, the spirit of the age, and to every principle of justice, humanity, virtue and religion.

S. P. Chase, Esq., of Cincinnati, the well known counsel in the Van Zandt case, succeeded in an impressive speech, full of great principles, admirably expressed. He had an apprehension, founded on the confidence exhibited by the plaintiff's counsel, that the case might be doubtful; but felt as if this apprehension was almost disrespectful to the Court and jury. He condemned strong language the idea of property existing in men—said that slavery was condemned by the law of Nature and Nations, by public policy and justice—upheld by positive enactments;—and supported his position by the great authorities of the law. He claimed the only right of the master in this State was simple reception. He claimed it could not be presumed in this State that a negro was a slave legally held in Kentucky, because he or she had exercised the duties appropriate of the legal title of Peter Driskell ought to be demanded. This he contended was not shown. He then spoke of Mitchell's evidence as unsupported by probability and contradicted by testimony, and of Driskell's as being its echo. Said he asked no verdict contrary to the positive law—but strictly in accordance with it. Let “Shylock have his pound of flesh, nearest the heart, but see that he takes no drop of blood.” To give a verdict on slight testimony in cases like this, said he, is to encourage speculating slaveholders to crowd our dockets with prosecutions.” The style of Mr. Chase is massive—his sentences Ciceronian—and he exhibits a wide reach of study and thought. He has evidently mastered fully the intricate learning of the Slave laws.

H. Stanbury, Esq., the Attorney General of the State, closed in a speech which well exhibited his brilliant qualities as a lawyer. His speech was admirable for its lucidness; and was pointed, terse and condensed; and his manner elegant and forcible. He declined arguing abstracted questions—claimed a full, fair construction of the law, as due to the rights of the master, under the Constitution; and demanded that the jury should look upon the plaintiff and defendant simply as litigants under the law. “They must be as blind as justice to the parties and character of the suit—as impartial as he in weighing the evidence.” He then proceeded to set the case before the jury—contrasted the evidence of Mitchell with all that had been said against him, and claimed it to be true. Said Mitchell was a man who would not swerve from the truth for the State of Kentucky—he was a man of honor, according to his own notions. Driskell was unprincipled. The other witnesses were mistaken. It was not unlikely they should be. They had remembered only parts of the conversation. He abhorred slavery as much as any man, but must regard the law. Slavery is bad—disregard of the law is a worse evil. “Let us support the Constitution and the act of Congress,” said Mr. S., “and secure ourselves from more destructive tendencies, towards disunion, anarchy and civil war. This is a test case—the law is violated—shall it be enforced? Give no ear to the disorganizing and lawless ‘spirits of the age.’ Do your duty; as I trust I have done mine.”

Mr. Stanbury's mode of discussing the facts of the case was highly admirable and lawyer-like.

The arguments of the Counsel on both sides were remarkably full and strong. No point of the case seemed left untouched which could make for or against the defendant. The charge of the Court, which follows will be noticed for its perfect fairness and impartiality. Judge McLean takes ground which all sensible and law abiding men must approve.

CHARGE OF THE COURT.

Judge McLean charged the jury in substance as follows:

The action is brought to recover penalties under the act of Congress in relation to fugitives from service. That act has been held to be constitutional; but it is penal in its character and must be strictly construed.—The penalties given by it go to the plaintiff.

The defendant is charged with harboring and concealing two fugitive slaves of the plaintiff, and with obstructing their arrest.—The declaration contains two counts for harboring and concealing, and two for obstruction: but several penalties cannot be recovered for the same act, whatever be the number of persons harbored or whose service is obstructed: nor can the same act be separated into distinct charges of harboring and obstructing, and thus be made the foundation for the recovery of distinct penalties.

To establish the charge of harboring and concealing there must be satisfactory proof that the defendant, with full knowledge that the persons harbored were slaves escaped from another State, concealed them with intent to elude the vigilance of the master and defeat his claim.

To establish the charge of obstruction there must be proof that the plaintiff, in person, or by his authorized agent, attempted to arrest the fugitives, and that the defendant with the same full knowledge, wilfully obstructed the arrest.

The law presumes every man innocent of every penal act until proved to be otherwise. There must be strict proof of the facts charged in the plaintiff's declaration or he cannot recover.

To secure a fair trial to persons claimed as fugitive slaves, and to insist upon a fair trial in their behalf is laudable; but such efforts should be made in good faith.

It is the province of the jury to weigh the evidence. If they are satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt, that the defendant has harbored and concealed the fugitives, and has obstructed their arrest, they will find for the plaintiff; otherwise they will find for the defendant.

In the course of this charge the learned Judge fully reviewed the evidence, pointing out the discrepancies between the witnesses, but leaving it to the jury to determine the questions of fact presented.

At Mr. Stanbury's suggestion, the court instructed the jury that Mitchell's statement in the Court House did not directly impeach Driskell. Also that Parish's statements in the Court House, of the transactions at the gate are not to be taken as evidences of the facts of the case, only so far as, they were then added to by Mitchell, and to contradict his testimony.

The case was then submitted to the jury. After having been out about an hour, the jury sent a request to the court to define the manner in which their verdict should be given; whether they were obliged to find on all the counts of the declaration or might give in a verdict as to a part. Having called in the jury, the court instructed them that the two counts for obstructing related to one offence, and the two counts for harboring to one offence. For each of these offences five hundred dollars can be claimed. The same act cannot be construed both as a harboring and obstructing. There must be two distinct acts to constitute these two offences.—If there is but one, the jury must decide whether it is an obstruction or a harboring. Should the jury find for the plaintiff, they must specify on which count; if for the defendant, they will find generally, and the court will put the verdict into proper form.

The jury then retired to consider the verdict.

About nine o'clock in the evening the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—finding the defendant guilty both of harboring the slaves and obstructing the master. Two penalties of five hundred dollars each are therefore assessed against Mr. Parish.

The obstruction consisted in the conduct of Mr. Parish at the gate. The harboring in permitting the slaves to remain in his house until night fall—an “intent to elude the vigilance of the master” being inferred.

On Tuesday morning Messrs. Chase and Andrews moved to set aside the verdict and grant a new trial, on the ground that the jury had returned contrary to the evidence.—Mr. Stanbury opposed the motion.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Religion vs. Humanity.

The greatest evil under which this country labors is its religion. The religion of the land is its bane. There is too much religion. It is the foe of man—the enemy of the race. The people are too religious; this is their ruin. It is because the people have too much religion, that they have so little humanity—that the bondman pines away in his chains—that the cries of millions in all the agonies of despair and wretchedness are unheeded. It is the religion which abounds, that hardens the heart, stiffens the neck, sears the conscience, stops the ear, dims the eye, and fetters the tongue.

I wish to be understood, and understood I am sure to be, by all whose understanding is not darkened. I do not mean that the people have too much christianity, but too little.—When I speak of religion, I mean that which has taken the place of christianity, and which bears no analogy to it; but is its most deadly foe. I mean just what Paul meant when, after passing through the streets of Athens, and seeing the temples and altars, the devotees and their performances—hearing the prayers and incantations, declare, “I perceive that in all things ye are too religious.” Why were the Athenians too religious or superstitious, as the common translation has it? Because they allowed the worship of their Gods—their solemn mummeries in their temples, to prevent them from paying that attention to the truth, which the truth demanded. Is not this emphatically the case with us? Let us see.

We enter a town on the worship days—the days on which the people agree to honor their God; the first thing that strikes the eye, is numerous temples dedicated to as many different Ideas of God. We behold the people at their devotions. Some standing with fixed gaze upon a person more elevated than the rest, who apparently is engaged in addressing some one aloud—others kneeling—some sitting in silence—others chanting to the tones of an organ; while others are shouting, jumping, falling down, clapping hands, crossing, sprinkling or plunging their bodies in water, with other modes of pleasing or appealing their Gods. All, however, too much engaged to listen to the cry of distress, the moan of sorrow, or the demands of mercy.—Whenever persons are so engrossed with any thing that they cannot listen to the voice of sorrow, or find time for the exercise of mercy, I affirm they have too much of it. Is it not clear that the people have too much religion, when they can allow the claims of three millions of their fellows to pass unheeded, and their wrongs unredressed! I do not say that the people as a whole are doing what they know to be wrong, or engaged in a religion which they know to be false. But I do say that between their ignorance and the designs of their spiritual guides, they are in an unenviable position—in a position that leads them to call evil good, and good evil. And I am sorry to say that many who are called abolitionists have come under the same influence. They suppose that religious duty is something separate and distinct from human duty, or the duty and service we owe our race. Hence they speak of religion and temperance, religion and anti-slavery, &c. How often do I hear people say “we must not neglect our religious duty,” meaning something different from the benevolent labors of humanity. All

this originates in a misconception of our duty and obligations. Anti-slavery feeling is the purest feeling that christianity begets in the human soul. Anti-slavery action is the highest manifestation of christianity exhibited in the life or action, therefore it takes precedence of all other.

Regard for the happiness of man seems to have been the controlling principle of the Divine action in all his manifestations. Man seems to have been the one thing sacred in all the terrestrial movements of Jehovah.—The world—its laws, products, and even the Savior himself, was given for man. *Christ taught that love and labor for man were to take precedence of what people called Divine service or worship.* Laying it down as a principle that God could better afford to wait for our prayers and praise than man could for our aid and assistance, when in trouble—hence he insisted, “if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way—first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift!”

Here it appears to be plainly taught that our brother has the first claim upon our services, and when that service is performed, we are to offer our Divine service. Has the Slave aught against us? He has every thing against the mass of christian professors, who have robbed him of his manhood and made him a chattel! Who rob him of wife and children? Who compel him to live without legal marriage? Who deprive him of the right to worship God—to read his word—to obey his commands? Who steal from him his daily earnings? The religious people of the country! How are they to be reconciled?

By restoring his manhood, giving back his wife and children, recognizing his right of conscience, giving him the proceeds of his toil—or at least making the effort to do this. The gifts, viz: the “religious worship” of those who are neglecting this, must be a stench in the nostrils of God.

Let us look at this matter a little farther, for much depends upon seeing what our duty requires. If the people can be brought to see what true religion is, there will be hope for the slave. On one occasion a lawyer proposed to Christ the following important question, “What shall I do to inherit eternal life?”

The answer was, that he was to obey the commandments—to love his neighbor as himself. To show clearly what he meant, he said a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, &c. All are acquainted with the narration. The principle points seem to be here. A Priest of the orthodox religion, and a Levite of the same, went that way and passed by the dying man without affording relief. They were going to Divine service probably, at the next village, and thought that of first importance. Let us not do to neglect the worship of God for human service. They were pious, according to religion. But a Samaritan (an infidel) passed that way and bound up the man's wounds, &c.—gave the preference to humanity. What said Christ? If thou wouldst inherit eternal life, follow not the example of Priest and Levite, but that of the Samaritan. Was the Savior right? Did he understand his own Gospel? If so, then the Priests and the people who are now neglecting the cries and wants of the three millions who have fallen among thieves, that they may attend to ordinances and forms, &c., are doing what Christ repudiated, and what God condemns.

I do not know a single principle taught by Jesus Christ, but what takes this very view of the case. In that memorable discourse, called the Sermon on the Mount; after unfolding the great principles of Divine Law and human action, he directs the mind to the highest altitude that man may expect to attain—even perfection itself. What is that altitude? “Be ye therefore merciful, even as your Father in Heaven is merciful;” viz: a constant imitation of the Divine goodness; for he sends his rain on the good and on the bad. Oh, how insignificant and paltry do the mass of those things appear, called religion of the people, compared with the true genius of Christianity. Well might the Apostle ask, “how can man love God whom he hath not seen, if he love not his brother whom he hath seen?”

What strange infatuation must have come over the people, when they recognize those who follow the high and holy principles of Christianity, as ‘infidels,’ and the men who trample upon humanity, as followers of Jesus? I gladly cast my lot with those to whom the judge of all men will say, “I was an hungered and ye gave me meat;” &c., rather than with those who will say, “Have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many mighty works?” but whom Christ “never knew.”

W.

ROWLAND, Hillsdale County, Mich., Nov. 22, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS

I moved from Geauga Co. last August into this region; have lectured several times at different places, mostly at school houses in the bounds of my business. The Disunion doctrine is new to almost all that I have met; but more attentive and anxious listeners after the truth, I have never seen. I had a challenge from a Liberty-party man to discuss the constitutional question. I met him but he was a weak debater indeed. The declaration of Independence, the Constitution and Preamble were all one to him. His own

party felt that their cause was in poor hands. Yesterday (Sunday) at the same place I compared the servitude of the present time with that of the days of Abraham, Isaac &c. and that under the Mosaic Law also; then introduced the Gospel and design of the same, to the satisfaction of all but a few that belong to the great brotherhood of thieves, who wish all to prophecy and speak smooth things.—

The last of Sept. I spoke to a large congregation in the Wesleyan house in Adams, in this Co. Reviewed the action of the churches to some extent. There were some of the Episcopal Methodists that took great offence; though I handled them too hard as they were divided now on that question &c. I introduced the no voting theory and when I sat down gave a chance to reply, and the great gun of the Liberty party arose and warned his Liberty brethren against the doctrine; gave a caution to the Whigs and Democrats not to fall in with us. The Liberty party are quite strong in that town and the Democrats and Whigs have united against them in town elections. From what I have seen and heard I am led to think that our principles, were they understood here, would be adopted in preference to Liberty-party's. The people are anxious and willing to hear, yes, the fields are white already for the harvest.

Abolitionists! the price of the paper was not reduced to save you from paying the odd fifty cents every year—not at all! We expect you to add another fifty cents to your subscriptions, and have a copy sent to some one who needs the paper far more than you do the money. Don't do as one of our friends did last week, who sent us a letter saying “the Bugle must be sustained,” and then wound up by saying, I want to subscribe for two other papers, and take as many now that you will please discontinue my Bugle.

The paper the Committee furnish you, is a cheap paper—it has a great deal of valuable reading matter in it—it is the only Disunion paper in the West—the only one that boldly opposes a government which regards mercy as a crime, which punishes with fine and perchance imprisonment your Van Zandts, and Parishes, and Mitchells, because they shelter the unfortunate. Every one of you who loves the cause of freedom, who is willing to make a trifling sacrifice to sustain it, will double his own subscription and endeavor to persuade his neighbors to subscribe; we take back the expression—it is no sacrifice to you, for you will receive not less than the full worth of your money, and at the same time be aiding in the promotion of a good cause.

If you are not willing to become one of the fifty, or the hundred to advance your \$10, exert yourselves to get one, two, or more subscribers—make us a New Year's gift of five hundred! you can if you will.

JAMES BARNABY,
Publishing Agent.

P. S. Those subscribers who were in arrears for more than six months' subscription, and have not complied with the terms of the published “Notice,” must expect to pay at the rate of \$1.75 per year.

J. B.

Friends of the slave, fill up the list! Volunteers are needed! The exigencies of the cause demand them, and they must be had. The Executive Committee need your immediate aid—will you give it? Fifty subscribers to the following plan are indispensable—there ought to be a hundred, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in your names without delay.

is outrageous; a Law and a Constitution which authorizes such prosecutions is abominable; and the people who tolerate a government which demands it are almost hopelessly enslaved, or almost so destitute of moral principle as to forbid hopes of their resurrection to a life of true manhood.

How stands the case? The pulpits of Ohio proclaim that Christianity requires of men that they should feed the hungry, hide the outcast, and bewray not him that wandereth. This is the doctrine which both Clergy and Laity teach as church-members; while as members of the State and National governments they denounce a woe upon him who follows after the doctrines of Jesus; they fine and imprison him who obeys the command of God. The people of Ohio have so far sold themselves to the enemy of Good, that they have promised him to sacrifice the noblest attributes of humanity—to crush that pure and generous impulse which leads man to succor his afflicted brother! It is mean, it is inexpressibly despicable. Such cowardly cringing beneath the slave power is unworthy of any one who claims to bear the faintest semblance to a man; and if there is enough moral principle in Ohio to speak out for God and Humanity, why, in Heaven's name, does it lie as though dead, and wrapped in silence as deep as that of the tomb?

The people of this State, have, as a whole, cared nothing for the sufferings of the slave, have done nothing to alleviate his misery—it would be too much to ask this of their selfishness. They have even crushed the free colored man when he has sought a shelter and a home upon their soil—this too was to be expected, for those who hate the negro on one side of the Ohio, hate him no less on the other. But who would have thought they would be so craven hearted as to submit their own necks to the yoke without a murmur? Who would have thought they would consent to have their own sons, and brothers, and fathers fined and imprisoned for deeds of humanity that ought to crown them with an earthly as it does with a heavenly glory!—People of Ohio!—men of Ohio! if there be men here—how long do you intend to submit to such outrages, how long consent to such indignities?

We can foresee the result of this movement. We believe that hundreds, ay thousands of the inhabitants of this State who formerly gave shelter to the bondman not from principle but from sympathy, are in such entire subjection to the South that they will soon close their doors against the wretched wanderer. Out upon such base subserviency! Have you no manhood! no self-respect! If you do pursue this course we should think you would be ashamed to look your wives, and sisters, and mothers in the face and tell them that you dare not—say, that is the word, DARE not—harbor or conceal the flying slave mother and her helpless children—that you have entered into bonds with the slave master for your good behavior, and have agreed to forfeit \$500 if you should ever so far forget yourself as to do this Christian act!

Why don't those of you who have souls that are not yet mortgaged to southern man-thieves, be up and doing something to win back the manhood of your self-degraded brother? Why are you so sparing of your means, why so niggardly of your labors?

A revolution must come, the Union must be severed, and we tell you, Disunionists, that we must all see well to it, or the revolution will come in blood. The exigencies of the cause require a greater sacrifice upon our part. If we would prevent carnage and bloodshed, we must labor as we have never yet labored to disseminate principles which will result in a peaceful dissolution of the American Union.

Who is ready to come up to the work, not to-morrow, but to-day?

A REMARKABLE CHURCH.—There is a Congregational church in Ohio, every member of which has signed THE PLEDGE of the League of Universal Brotherhood! If these were true of all denominations in the United States, should we not be engaged in the present war, or in any other war? If it were true of one-half, or one-third of all the churches in the land, would our country ever dare to engage in another war!—*Ex. paper.*

What a commentary upon the religion of the land! what a rebuke to the high professor! The church referred to is truly "a remarkable church," for there is not one in a thousand that practically recognizes the doctrine of universal brotherhood, although they are eternally prating about it. It is strange to see that a church organized of men who claim to be the disciples of the Prince of Peace and who call their church a Christian church, should think it necessary to give to the world some further evidence than their church membership, that they are the advocates of Christian principles. The course pursued by the church above mentioned, we should think would seem to its members, very much like swearing to a thing and then affirming that their oath is a true one. But such a course has become necessary; and the fact contained in the article we have quoted, shows that church organizations have become so corrupt, that even those who compose them think it expedient to prove their Christianity by proclaiming to the world that they are identified with the benevolent and reform associations of the day—associations to which the church is deadly hostile unless they are under her control.

Jealousy.

"You didn't come to town to hear our Eastern friends, when they were here."

"No," returned Isaac, thoughtfully, and with averted eye. "I don't run after these big folks much."

"But you think Parson Miller a big man, and you've been trotting after him many a year," said Joseph. "What's the matter now that you can't go to hear men who are really distinguished, not only for talent, but for truly Christian principle, and for acts of philanthropy?"

"Oh! you are forever harping upon the clergy. Pray let them rest for once. To be candid," continued Isaac, "I don't believe making so much of a certain few, as you do. Their praises are forever on the tongues of abolitionists; and the anti-slavery papers are so full of panegyric that I'm heartily sick of it. The great mass of those who are at work in the cause of human freedom receive no credit at all. Many who have labored quite as faithfully as these few, and have done quite as much good, probably, have never received the first word of commendation."

"Why Isaac! you are getting jealous.—You make me think of the bellows boy of the organist, who blubbered away because he didn't get the credit of making beautiful music—of bringing out the soul-stirring and heavenly anthem. Any body can blow the bellows, and any body can be an abolitionist, or profess to be one at least, in these days; but how few of us by our unceasing labor, awaken the music of hope and the prospect of deliverance in the bosom of the down-trodden slave. How few of us devise and execute important plans for his redemption!—Since the commencement of our enterprise, how few have been found meet for the trials of this great struggle between Liberty and Slavery! How few have been altogether true and unwavering in the hour of conflict! And those few who have faltered not when the burthen was heaviest, and obstacles the greatest; when friends deserted and foes maligned; whose hearts have ever appeared true to Liberty as the needful to the pole, I honor and shall continue to praise. They are the world's moral heroes, and I mistake the signs of the Age if they sink into obscurity!"

"They only did their duty," remarked Isaac, "and have not many of us done our duty too? If we have not accomplished so much, we have done what we could. Why should they be subjects of especial eulogy? You remember the widow who cast but a mite into the treasury."

"Yes," said Joseph; "but you and I are far less like the widow than the persons of whom we were speaking. We do something for the cause it is true. Let every one have the credit that belongs to him, certainly.—From your well filled barns and store-houses, you contribute quite liberally for the support of this movement, and God will bless you for it. I, in my humble situation do what, I think, I can; but the efforts of others very far transcend ours. There are some who have laid their entire time, talents, genius, wealth, *every thing* on the altar of Freedom! Some have turned aside from the paths of worldly renown—some have sacrificed station, friends, literary reputation—some have counted the gold of earth but as dross that they might win the redemption of the bondman."

"They may have done that," added Isaac, "to gain that more enduring renown to which you have already alluded."

"Would you like to have such sinister motives imputed to you?" said Joseph. "I see that you are filled with jealousy and suspicion! You are vexed that somebody is thought more of than you are. You seem to hate those who have better earned the title of philanthropist and moral reformer than yourself!" What a pity that every man who gives a dollar to the cause, or helps a fugitive, or speaks a word in behalf of liberty has not a trumpet to proclaim his deed throughout the length and breadth of the land! How unjust that such exploits are not numbered among the brilliant achievements of the present Era! Ungrateful world! and still more ungrateful abolitionists!

"You don't understand me," interposed Isaac. "I want nothing said in my praise, and I think it foolish to say so much of others. Men can't bear so much applause, and flattery and attention. It spoils them—they get above their business—they become domineering and proud; and I for one, am for keeping them down. I'll not take off my hat to any of your idols!"

"Oh shame! Isaac. I don't believe you have ever seen or heard anything that will justify such assertions, when applied to prominent abolitionists. Such remarks I always set down to a mean and contracted spirit—Praise was never more grateful to any human being than to you, and it is only because you don't get enough of it to gratify your self-love that you cherish such bitterness towards others. I remember now of an act of yours, which was at the time a subject of special commendation, by all who were acquainted with it. You rushed into the burning dwelling of your neighbor and rescued his child. Did the high encomiums passed upon that act spoil you? Did you become vain and arrogant? Did you discard the eulogy of your neighbors and tell them that you only did your duty and therefore was deserving of no praise? Did you go

still farther and show how the fire company were working their engine with great effect—that they were doing all they could to stay the flames, and this being the case, your act should not be spoken of as more meritorious than theirs? No, Isaac, you did none of these things. You just swallowed all the praise and never even hinted that it was not richly merited.

"But you think Parson Miller a big man, he continued, "stand in a good safe place and work the engine; but there are a few more bold and heroic than ourselves, and who are more thoroughly impressed, perhaps, with the terrible condition of the bondman, who rush into the madning flames of slavery and rescue the suffering victim. And because we speak of their act you are full of envy. Let us learn to be just! Let us do good for the sake of benefiting our fellow-men, and not for the purpose and with the desire of gaining notoriety. Let us be as generous as the poet who said,

Oh! forget not in that hour,
When the strife is all gone by,
The earnest hearts, whose power
First led you on to try
What the might of gathered multitudes
Might do;
Turn back, and let your cheer
Sound gladly in their ear—
We never should have conquered but for
you!"

A LISTENER.

Two Hundred Lives Lost!

THE PROPELLER PHOENIX BURNED.

Our exchanges mention the loss of the Lake Steamer Phoenix, which was destroyed by fire when within a few miles of Sheboygan. There were more than two hundred passengers on board, one hundred and fifty of whom were German emigrants. The flames extended so rapidly that the vessel could not be run ashore, and out of all who were on board only about thirty were saved.

Meetings.

The editors of this paper expect shortly to be absent on a visit to the southern part of the State, and will probably—soon after the 20th inst.—hold meetings at Harveyburg, Wilmington, Martinsburg, Port William, Jamestown, Big Woods, Selma, Burlington, Springboro and other places. Our friend Valentine Nicholson will make appointments—those who desire such visit can apply to him.

To Correspondents.

E. A. G. Have given him credit for one item.

H. H. R. The books were forwarded—we are afraid the postage will be more than he expected.

It was stated in a previous number, that the expenses of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's illness at Cleveland, were \$100; and an invitation was extended to those who wished to aid in defraying them, to send their donations to the Treasurer of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—such contributions to be acknowledged through the columns of the Bugle.

Amount previously acknowledged \$32,25
S. Reed, Ellsworth, 50
Peter Smock, New Garden, 25
Sewing Circle, Randolph, 2,50

\$35,50

J. ELIZABETH JONES,
Treasurer.

MEXICO.—Recent accounts from Mexico state that Herrera has been elected President. Several parties are striving for power, and it is impossible even to guess who will obtain and keep it. By a letter from the city of Mexico to the New Orleans Delta it is asserted that France has agreed to lend her aid in establishing a Monarchy in Mexico, provided 3000 Mexican landholders will give their written pledge to sustain the measure. Three states have already declared in favor of the re-establishment of the throne, and the proposition appears to be gaining favor with the people. A son of Huribide, the former Emperor of Mexico is spoken of as the Monarch that is to be.

GREAT INCREASE OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.—Notwithstanding the many captures made by the British cruisers, notwithstanding the presence of American men-of-war on the African coast; notwithstanding the settlement of Liberia, and the recent independence of that colony, the slave trade of the past year has been *five times* as active as it was the year immediately preceding! And why? Simply because there is an increased demand for slaves in Cuba and Brazil, and that demand will be supplied in spite of all penal enactments and warlike demonstrations. If you would abolish the slave trade, you must first abolish slavery, or in some other way put a stop to the demand for stolen men.

CONVENTION OF COLORED MEN.—A central committee of this State, have called a convention of the people of color, to assemble in Columbus, on Tuesday, the 18th of January next, at 10 o'clock A. M. in order to take into consideration their present condition, and devise ways and means to regain some, or all of the rights so unjustly withheld from them.

We hope they will speak as becometh men, and demand for themselves a full recognition of their equality.

General Items.

An officer in the South Carolina volunteers writing from National Palace in the city of Mexico, thus speaks of his practical—not political—revellings in the Halls of the Montezumas; "If sleeping on two blankets on a hard table, and covering with one can be called revelling, then I can say I do revel."

About 250,000 letters are opened quarterly in the dead letter office at Washington.

The estimate for war expenses for the ensuing year as made out by the Department, are said to be only sixty millions of dollars.

Sir Robert Peel is said to possess an estate valued at ninety millions of dollars.—His grandfather was in ordinary circumstantial, but his father, who was a cotton spinner, left his son a handsome estate which has since been greatly increased. We are not informed how many thousands were made to suffer that one might be enriched.

This country usually raises over 90,000 hogsheads of tobacco every year, but this year the crop has fallen short nearly one half—will hardly reach 50,000 hogsheads. This is good news to all who dislike offensive breaths and filthy habits.

The celebrated Faneuil Hall, Boston, was built in 1711-2. The town was without a market house, and Peter Faneuil, a merchant, offered to build it one, and over it he erected a spacious Town Hall. The town, by a special vote, conferred the name of the donor upon the building.

The Chinese alphabet contains 800,000 characters. Rather a discouraging prospect for a learner, but some consolation is to be found in the fact that when the alphabet is learned the entire language is mastered.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has, by proclamation, abolished the punishment of death in his dominions. The guillotine was burned in the public square, while the bells of the town rang merrily as the flames consumed its blood-stained form.

Daniel Cushing, who cut the first tree in the wilds of Ohio (always excepting the work of that kind done by the Indians) is living in Oneida Co. New York.

A new penal code in Holland punishes a man who sends a challenge with one month's imprisonment and \$60 fine; for accepting a challenge, one month's imprisonment and a fine of from \$10 to \$15; for exciting to a duel, six months imprisonment and a fine of from \$10 to \$200; for killing in a duel from four to seven years imprisonment, or ten to twelve years banishment. Alas! what a quietus will this be to the duellist's keen sense of honor.

There are nine distilleries in Claremont Co. in this State, which daily consume about 2750 bushels of corn, from which they manufacture 10,000 gallons of whiskey per day. Not less than 80,000 hogs are fattened every year on their still slope, if then diseased, and bloated flesh which distillery fed hogs and men both wear, can be called fat.

The amount of specie in the United States is estimated at \$100,000,000.

Rubini, a celebrated singer, has an engagement to sing in Havana twenty nights, at \$1000 a night. Those who steal from their slaves can probably afford to pay exorbitantly for their amusements.

The presence of a priest was not deemed indispensable to a marriage, until so decreed by the Council of Trent in 1409.

There are 5,000 miles of railroad in operation in the United States, which have been built at the cost of \$140,000,000.

The aristocracy of England have 300,000 servants; 500,000 dogs; 3,000,000 horses; and their present style of living must be kept up in order to convince the world that they are superior to the common herd who are staring around them by hundreds and thousands.

The communicants in the churches in England, spend annually \$56,000,000 for intoxicating drinks; and for the support of benevolent and religious institutions \$2,500,000.—This would seem as though there was more of the drunkard than the Christian in their composition.

The number of Post Offices in the United States in 1790 was 75, in 1815 14,003—averaging a yearly increase of more than 23%.

The French government is endeavoring to introduce the cultivation of the American Black Walnut in France.

THE WAY IT WORKS.—Some of the military companies of Newark, N. J., thinking it would be less troublesome to themselves, and less expensive to the government to have a little bit of fight at home instead of going to Mexico in search of it, got up quite a miniature war, or riot, as the papers call it, seeing it was in Jersey, and not in Mexico. Six companies participated in it, and we suppose

they demonstrated their pugnacious qualities fully to their own satisfaction. We have not heard how many were killed and wounded, nor are we able to say whether it is in contemplation to present swords to the most spunkly of the survivors.

No ALMANAC.—To the numerous applicants for an Almanac for '48, we would say that the American Society has not yet announced the publication of one, and it is now late in the season they probably will not.

We promise our Western friends, they shall not be disappointed next year.

Dr. Buffier, of Va., says that slave-labor agriculture may be described as EXHAUSTIVE—EXHAUSTIVE.

Mr. Clay and Slavery.

The noble stand taken by Henry Clay in his Lexington Speech will do more than ten thousand abolition lecturers to help forward the glorious era of emancipation.

The roused spirit of Kentucky will not rest until the good work is accomplished in that state, and what sign can be more cheering to the friends of universal freedom than that Slavery is denounced on its own soil, by the most influential man in the Union, in the presence of a multitude of slaveholders, who unanimously echo the spirit and language of the old man eloquent.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Such being the opinion of the Herald, as to that of Mr. Clay's speech which relates to slavery, it is well for us to take a bird's eye view of it. What are the positions of Mr. Clay?

1. He says slavery is an evil.

2. That it is unjust to the enslaved, but for the present an irredeemable wrong.

3. That the condition of the slaves is better here than it would be, had slaves never been brought from Africa!

4. That slavery is one of those evils, in the existence of which we must acquiesce "as a less evil than the frightful consequences which might ensue from the vain endeavor to remove it."

5. That although slavery is unjust, it is not the duty of those practicing in this injustice now to stop it.

6. That his opinion on the subject remains unchanged, and of course his speech of '49 speaks his sentiments to-day.

These are the views of Mr. Clay as proclaimed by himself; and these views say the Herald "will do more than ten thousand abolition lecturers to help forward the glorious era of emancipation." We should like to know how. In what way are they going to help emancipation? Would any slaveholder practicing them free his slaves? Help emancipation! They will not even emancipate the slaves in Mr. Clay's own family.—No slaveholder practicing them would ever free a slave. God pity the poor slaves, if they have got to wait till these views emancipate them.

The Herald says—Mr. Clay "denounces" slavery. How denounces it? It is true he said it was an evil; and what slaveholder will not say so? None except the Calhoun school.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

PINDA: A TRUE TALE.

BY MARIA WESTON, CHAPMAN.

CHAPTER I.—A SHIP'S CABIN.

One dark night in the year 1836, an unusual stir took place on the deck of the good ship Eli Whitney, about to sail from Boston to Savannah. It was occasioned by the appearance of an officer, charged with a writ of *habeas corpus*, in favor of a supposed slave, who was known to have been carried on board by her master.

Slave-holders are accustomed to say that their victims cannot be persuaded to take their freedom, and to bring their own assertion as a proof of the merits of slavery. It was, therefore, an anxious moment for the friends of freedom on shore, while they waited to learn the result of the legal process by which they offered to the poor slave-woman, the freedom secured by the laws of Massachusetts, to all slaves brought under its jurisdiction by their masters.

Their anxiety was not without cause.—Notwithstanding the statement of the officer that she was free;—notwithstanding the assurances of her master that she might do as she pleased, she refused to leave the ship.—She was evidently both confused and alarmed, as well as undecided, for a few moments; but she finally persisted in remaining with her master, and, to the great pain of all the friends of freedom who were aware of the circumstances, she was carried away into slavery.

They felt a double grief;—not only for the individual in question, but for the reproach her course could not fail to bring upon their cause. They knew, for they had felt and reflected upon this subject, and had seen and known more than the heedless community in which they lived, gave them credit for, that there might exist a thousand reasons why this woman should wish to return to Savannah, without supposing her to be in love with slavery. But they knew also that advantage would be taken of the fact by the enemies of the cause, to prove that slaves do not wish to be free.

As they expected, the newspapers of the ensuing day were loud in censures of their impertinent interference with gentlemen's servants, who were wise enough to prefer slavery with their masters, to trusting themselves with these hair-brained philanthropists.

CHAPTER II.—THE SLAVE HUT.

"Dear wife," said Abraham to Pinda, as they stood by the door of his little hut, in the yellow moonlight of a Savannah evening,—"you must never lose another chance for freedom out of regard to me. Look here!" (digging in a little sand-heap and turning up his loaded silver in the rags.) "See what I have saved besides paying master ten dollars a month. You will want some of this at the North. Master has written to Mr. Mitchell to send you on to wait upon Mississ in New Hampshire, because he feels sure of you, since that night on board the Eli Whitney. Don't cry, Pinda. If freedom don't part us, slavery will. When you get to the North, take the first chance and be off—Don't cry, Pinda, don't! See how nice I have got your trunk packed; and here is a list I got made of all the things in it; may be they have some law by which you can get the things again if you are obliged to leave them in master's hands at first. See here is the key—all safe. He has sold two or three boys lately, and one turn will come sooner or later."

This consideration helped Pinda to stifle her grief at parting from her husband. He might yet rejoin her—they might yet be free and happy. She had no choice but to go to the North at the mandate of her master's agent; and she resolved, that night, to stay at the North, in the hope that her husband might find opportunity to follow her. On board the Eli Whitney the chance for freedom had been presented to her, her mind had been convulsed by conflicting emotions. If she had not returned, her master, she knew, would have deemed it but a proper retribution to leave Abraham in a state of cruel uncertainty respecting her. Now, that part of the case was changed; and though the husband and wife parted in grief, it was grief mingled with hope.

CHAPTER III.—THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

On the 25th of January, 1837, the 6th annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society had called together a true-hearted array of the sons and daughters of that ancient Commonwealth. "Not many rich—not many noble" were there, as the world counts riches and nobility; but of the rich in generous sympathy—the noble in their devotedness to freedom, came a goodly multitude. Farmers, traders, and artisans—the fair and the dark—of English and of African descent, men, women, and children, they thronged together with one heart and with one mind: the worthiest children of Massachusetts, by this token, that the trumpet-call of freedom came not to them in vain.

During one of their thirteen sittings on that occasion, a stranger rose to speak. He was gentlymanly and prepossessing in his appearance, and every ear gave him attention. He was announced to be indeed as Mr. Logan, of Savannah. He admitted that, though a slaveholder, he was also a Christian; and could he be convinced that slaveholding was condemned by Scripture, he would instantly renounce it; and he cited the case of Onesimus and Philemon, and the laws of Moses.

The bible argument against slavery, (thanks to the labors of anti-slavery societies now the only ones the New England people will receive,) was fully presented to him. His reply was, "You have said much that is true, and much that is now; but what is true is not new, and what is new is not true." He proceeded to declare that he still held himself open to conviction, and sincerely hoped that, if he were in the wrong, he might be convinced of it, though at present he saw no proof either from Scripture or from the nature of slavery. "You call us men-slayers," he said "if that could be branded as a sin, which was universally practised by the Patriarchs." "Well, Sir!" exclaimed a man of color who had more than once sprung upon his feet at the discussion proceedings; "what said the patriarchs themselves of it? Instead I was stolen," said the patri-

arch Joseph:—"We are verily guilty concerning our brother!" said the other sons of Jacob." Driven from this ground, the Southerner proceeded to enlarge upon the felicity secured to the slaves by the system: "Our servants are very happy," he said, "One of my own people had the opportunity presented her, last year, of leaving me. We were on board the Eli Whitney, down in your harbor here, just about to sail for the dreadful land of slavery; but she would not quit me. They could not get her to do it. There is nothing she so much dreads as an abolitionist. She knows she is far better off as a slave, than are your free women at the North. She told the other women on her return that 'her missis' mother, in New Hampshire did more work in a day, than they were obliged to do in a week." She saw no charms in your boasted northern liberty."

Great pains were taken by the meeting that the lonely advocate of slavery should have no reason to think himself kindly or unfriendly dealt with, because he was in a minority of one. Men checked themselves in their expressions of detestation for his sentiments, lest he should suppose that they had a disposition to deny him opportunity for the full presentation of them.

At the close of the meeting, more than one of the members invited the stranger to share the hospitalities of their homes. They hoped, by their private conversation and kindly reception, to assure him that it was the best good of the South and of the whole country that they sought, in their labors for the abolition of slavery. Their houses were open day and night to the fugitive slave, and they hoped that good might, in this instance, result from opening them to the slaveholder.

"Mamma!" exclaimed a little girl of six years old, who pressed closer to the side of her parents as she heard Mr. Logan accept an invitation to dine with them, "rob! if you please, mamma, let me dine with Aunt Mary." "It is not convenient to-day, Elizabeth," replied the mother. "But, mamma! I cannot bear to sit down to dinner with a man who sells little children."

CHAPTER IV.—THE MORNING CALL.

If my readers are Bostonians, they cannot have failed to pass through West Street, to the avenues leading from the Common to Washington Street. On the left side of it, we will collect stables and carriage manufactories—on the right, a row of brick dwellings. It was in the drawing-room of one of these houses, that the conversation I am about to relate, went on between the mistress of the mansion and a visitor. Both ladies seemed "on ho-pitable thoughts intent."

"The Logans are Presbyterians, I learn," said the visitor, "and as I shall ask all our orthodox friends to meet them. I think they will be altogether more likely to be impressed by the arguments and conversation of those of our own denomination."

"When do you receive them?" rejoined the lady of the house.

"This evening," was the reply. "I am on my way there now, to invite them."

Here the conversation was interrupted. "Some one wishes to speak with you a moment." Apologizing to her friend, the lady descended to the hall. The person in waiting informed her that, as he was crossing the street near the Providence Rail-road, he had observed a woman of color standing in the way, as if doubtful where to go. She had on her head only the turban that constitutes the head-dress of the Southern female slave, and her whole appearance bespoke her condition.

She used, when so annoyed, to pay a visit to "her people," as she always called those who first sheltered her, that she might obtain fresh assurance of the safety of her new position.

"Mr. Logan tells us," said this family to her, (for they always made it a point of conscience to transmit his messages) "that he wants you to go back with him, that he may have you nursed up, and taken care of."

"Why did not he take care of me when he had the chance?" was the reply.

"He says he wishes very much to see you."

"I have seen as much as I want to of him."

When those who had the opportunity of watching the facts here narrated, as they evolved from the arrangements of Providence, hear it said that slaves cannot take care of themselves if made free, they point to Pinda, living in freedom with industrious and provident comfort.

They set food before the travel-worn stranger, and bade her depend on them that no one thing that her case required should be left undone.

"Master sent for me to be forwarded here to him, but I cannot find the way. I should not go near him, only he has my trunk with everything I have. We got along going down the river, and I was put on board another vessel and my trunk on board another, which got off first. Master's house is here," she said, showing a soiled scrap of paper, on which was written, though it had become almost illegible, "No. 5 Court Street."

"What is your master's name?" exclaimed both ladies, in a breath.

"LOGAN."

Great was the astonishment of the two friends at this wonderful coincidence. "Truth was strange—stranger than fiction." Here was the "happy slave" of the hero of the Massachusetts annual meeting! Here was she who had refused to take her freedom—the heroine of the Eli Whitney, who had shamed slavery that she might not distress the heart of her husband.

Her new friends advised her to go openly to her master, and claim her freedom and her property, face to face. She shook her head. "He could not easily hinder me in a thousand ways, if I let him know first. No, I'd better take my clothes and things and go off before he knows—if I knew how to find this place."

"Follow me," said the projector of the Presbyterian tea-party. "I am going there this moment, and shall delight to show you the way."

Forward they went, down Washington Street, up Court Street,—the lady sang at No. 5, and delivered her note of invitation to the servant;—Pinda squirmed past, inquiring for "my master"—and so ended this eventful morning.

CHAPTER V.—THE TEA PARTY.

As 7 o'clock that evening drew nigh, the guests began to gather around the pleasant hearth of the "South-end Abolitionist."

The Logans, for whom the party had been made, failed not to be of the number.

The talk naturally fell on slavery, and Mr. Logan, however open to conviction, he might have kept his mind, confessed himself still unconverted. He dwelt particularly on the unkindness of the slaves for freedom, and on their unwillingness to receive it. Again "my woman" was walked over the course, as at the annual meeting, and the fact of her arrival that morning announced.

"How she ever found me," he said, "I cannot conjecture." The hostess, who labored under no such uncertainty as to the modus

operandi, looked hard into the fire, the better to conceal her inclination to laugh.

"She could not even procure a carriage," he continued, "to bring her to me from the rail-road. There is much boasting of liberty at the North, but there seems to be little real justice here for her race." This was too painfully true to excite mirth.

"I think," he went on, smiling courteously, with a slight and general bow to the company, "that we of the South may defy even such zeal and perseverance, as I admiringly acknowledge in the abolitionists. We can rely on the attachment of our servants. I know, when I sent to my agent for the one who arrived this morning, how much pleasure it would give her to rejoin us."

The host, unaware of the developments of the morning, could not enter so fully as the ladies, into the exquisite comedy of this scene; but the words "I sent to my agent, &c., arrested his attention; and by a mute glance, he took the company to witness that here was a case in which a slave might hereafter require their aid to prove her master's acknowledged agency in her transportation.

In the relative position of the company to each other, affected as it had been by the events of the morning, a free flow of conversation could hardly be expected. Some, wondering at the constrained manner of others, strove to sustain the conversation upon scriptural arguments, and the loneliness of liberty—but it was a relief to all when the evening was at an end.

To one party, that might recount to each other the events of the day—*to the other*, that they might, with the help of "our woman," just arrived, arrange their line of march from No. 5 Court Street to New Hampshire, which was to be taken up the ensuing morning.

How many a slip is there between the cup and the lip! "Our woman," on being summond by Mr. Logan, to attend upon the night-dweller of her mistress, was ascertained to be in society altogether unbecoming the character of "an attached slave";—*is, e-
-avowing the missing.*

CHAPTER VI.—THE FREE DWELLING.

After a few weeks residence with the friend whose house had first sheltered her, Pinda expressed a desire to be no longer dependent on any one, for what her own exertions might procure. She selected a room in—street, where she lived as happily as the separation from her husband would permit. She experienced no difficulty in providing for all her wants by the labor of her hands. It was, to say the least, *as easy*, she found, to wash, iron, brew, bake, sweep or "clean paint," *for a consideration*, as to do all these things without receiving any consideration at all.

She was sometimes annoyed by Mr. Logan, who never failed, when he visited Boston, to alarm her by endeavors to find out her humble apartment, or to send her some threat, from which, in her uncertainty as to the extent of his power, she could not help suffering.

She used, when so annoyed, to pay a visit to "her people," as she always called those who first sheltered her, that she might obtain fresh assurance of the safety of her new position.

"Mr. Logan tells us," said this family to her, (for they always made it a point of conscience to transmit his messages) "that he wants you to go back with him, that he may have you nursed up, and taken care of."

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When those who had the opportunity of watching the facts here narrated, as they evolved from the arrangements of Providence, hear it said that slaves cannot take care of themselves if made free, they point to Pinda, living in freedom with industrious and provident comfort.

They set food before the travel-worn stranger, and bade her depend on them that no one thing that her case required should be left undone.

When they hear the ignorant and heedless assertion that slaves do not wish to be free, they point to Pinda, struggling between the claims of freedom and affection.

They set food before the travel-worn stranger, and bade her depend on them that no one thing that her case required should be left undone.

When they hear it denied that the North is guilty of upholding slavery, they point to the gentlemanly and religious slave-holder—connected by marriage with the fairest North—bringing his slaves into the free New Hampshire homes—making his place in the assemblies of our Northern social and religious life—partaking of every symbol of Christian communion—following his letters of introduction into the first society, and disseminating every where the principles of righteousness and slavery; and then they bid the beholder mark the conduct of those who claim to represent the piety and intelligence of the North, towards such a man.

They claim to be ministers of Christ, and conservators of morals; yet their "poor dumb mouths" are never opened on this giant inquiry, and silent they are determined to remain, till the mouth of "Garrison and the like" are shut. When we see such men, racked by the pressure of a public in the process of regeneration, all refusing to do more than to admit that "it might, perhaps, be well for men to begin to consider this subject," they point to the slave-holder's unbroken and incessant labors among us, and say: "while we have among us a devotedness to slavery like this, and continue to sustain religious teachers who refuse to condemn it, while they can be said but that the North is guilty of upholding slavery with the most powerful means she possesses!"

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CHAPTER VII.—THE SURPRISE.

A year and seven months from the time of Pinda's arrival in Boston, as the cold November rains began to set in, she sat lonely by her humble hearth in B. street. A melancholy feeling crept over her as she thought of her absent husband, and of the length of time that had elapsed since they parted. She thought of all the dreadful uncertainties of his situation. Had Mr. Logan sold him to the far South? Had he kept him in ignorance of her fate?

He had succeeded in making Abraham believe Pinda dishonest and unworthy! She had every reason to suppose the latter might be the case, as Mr. Logan had spared no pains to create prejudice against her in the minds of her new friends, by declaring that she had robbed Abraham of all his savings before she left Savannah, as well as himself of large sums. Her heart sank within her as she weighed the probabilities that she might never again behold her husband. She had once prepared a letter to be written to him, but how many contingencies might have prevented his receiving it. The mail does not run for slaves, nor, as abolition-

ists have learned to their cost, for truly free-men either. In this, at least, we are in bonds as bound with them.

Overpowered with painful reflections, she sat nourishing the expiring fire, till it seemed the emblem of her penitent hopes. A knocking at the door aroused her, and as she opened it a man of color stood in the passage, bidding her come to a certain house he mentioned in Battery-march street that evening, and she would find a letter from her husband. "He was alive then—well, perhaps—still pitifully true to excite mirth.

"I think," he went on, smiling courteously, with a slight and general bow to the company, "that we of the South may defy even such zeal and perseverance, as I admiringly acknowledge in the abolitionists. We can rely on the attachment of our servants. I know, when I sent to my agent for the one who arrived this morning, how much pleasure it would give her to rejoin us."

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but the words "I sent to my agent, &c., arrested his attention; and by a mute glance,

she took the company to witness that here was a case in which a slave might hereafter require their aid to prove her master's agency in her transportation.

"Just the thing for us!" they said; as they saw the weekly contribution plan, "set up in the dwelling they loved so well to visit, as it was so many centuries ago in the dwellings of the Christian Greeks." They entered their names upon the card as subscribers, each of a cent a week; and as they might so soon depart, they paid in advance. The little boxes of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, the savings banks of the cause, have the aperture made too narrow for the reception of any but small coins; and the contributors to the West Street box blushed to think that the first time that the size of a donation rendered it necessary to raise the cover for its admission, was when Pinda brought her discolored Mexican dollar, (yet increased with the sand of Savannah hiding-place,) to carry on the operations of the Massachusetts Society against Slavery.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.</p